Whatever you feel a vocation for seems beautiful. I dream of a wonderful drama on Joseph; and particularly of the prison scene: Joseph between the chief baker and the chief butler.

All along the way I read, I sip Retz's *Memoires.* The liveliness of this style enchants me. I mark numerous passages, which this evening I read to Em.

5 'February

This morning, on awakening, I enjoy seeing myself in the mirror. Good sign. On bad days I look at myself just the same, but my reflection seems odious to me.

My mind feels alert; my fingers are agile and do not retard my thought. On bad days I labor over my handwriting, and its malformation in turn deforms my thoughts. On bad days I don't keep myself from smoking, which gives the finishing touch to my stultification. . . ,

From this I derive an argument, and the only one that satisfies me, in favor of my "immorality."

Last Tuesday, likewise, I was brilliant." I mean that my ideas moved about in a lively way in my head and that I did not attempt to formulate more than one at a time. On bad days they all rush together, become tangled, and I have the greatest trouble untangling them.

And Wednesday, likewise, after an almost sleepless night, I felt clear-headed and alert.

Wonderful compositions for organ *(Three Chorales}* by Cesar Franck, in which I plunge myself over and over again every evening.

Yesterday evening resumed Leconte de Lisle *(Massacre de Mona);* pure and perfect satisfaction.

Gheon, after having wandered aimlessly for some time around the central markets last Tuesday, ended up between three and four in the morning (his train was to leave at six) in a wretched

little cafe near the Pont-Neuf. Inside there were many pimps and tarts; and this wouldn't have been very odd were it not for the presence in such a group of an elderly gentleman, who would have seemed very respectable if he had not been decidedly in his cups. Very much the center of things because he was buying drinks; talking a great deal, footing the bill, acting as everyone's tool. The others amuse themselves by making him rage, laugh, or cry, according to their whim. At moments he seems to reach a decision, says: "I must be going," gets up, then sits down again, without any more effort of will to remain than to go. He lets them laugh at him, make fun of him, rob him; he protests a minute, then grovels. Around him, as part of the game, one pretends to pity him, another to treat him contemptuously; a prostitute pretends to be in love with him; they take off his hat; they pull his hair. . . . (Gheon gives a spir-